

HOW BILLY BOY SAILED THE GRACE

The Cruise of a Four-Year-Old and the Important Part He Took in It.

BY D. S. PULFORD.

Billy Boy sat in his father's catboat one fine day in August, as she skimmed swiftly over the blue waters of Puget sound.

Billy Boy was very happy, for he had just started on his first camping trip with his father, William Barnes, who was generally called by his acquaintances "Billy Barnes." His only son had received the same name and was called "Billy Boy," to distinguish him from his father. Billy Boy was 4 years old, "going on 5," as he himself would have told you. He was short and chubby, with a round head and a very independent disposition.

His father was fond of cruising on Puget sound, whenever he could take a few days of leisure, and it had been one of Billy Boy's most cherished ambitions to go with his father on one of these expeditions and "camp out" for at least one night, but his mother had raised strong objections heretofore, saying that Billy Boy was too young to be trailing around on the water and sleeping out of doors.

However, on this memorable morning she had consented to let Billy Boy go with his father when he took the Grace from Stella-cum to Tacoma.

They started with a favorable breeze, strong enough to send the Grace through the water at a rate which delighted Billy Boy, for he had inherited his father's fondness for the water, and when a stronger puff than usual caused the boat to heel over

the wind, when she would pass near enough to the girl to allow Mr. Barnes to reach her, and afterward come to a stand not far from the man.

All this was very clear to Mr. Barnes, if only he had somebody to steer the Grace. Billy Boy still stood at the tiller, watching the little girl in the water and obeying his father's directions with the utmost coolness. Mr. Barnes sat on the starboard seat, looking forward, now and then seizing the end of the tiller with his left hand and helping Billy Boy to keep her straight.

He glanced around at the young steersman and said to himself, "I believe he'll do it."

When within a few feet of the little girl he saw her begin to sink for the third time. It flashed through his mind that in order to save her he must jump into the water and leave his 4-year-old boy alone in the boat. He hesitated. He could not let her perish before his eyes—he saw her yellow hair floating on the water as she went down. A sea gull uttered a piercing cry, seeming to mock him in his dilemma. He noticed a salmon jump clear out of the water. Then he glanced around at Billy Boy, who looked as if he felt the fate of nations depending upon him, and was ready to accept the responsibility.

Mr. Barnes had thrown off his coat and shoes as soon as he saw the little girl go overboard, and fastened one end of a spare rope to a cleat.

When the Grace was within a few feet of where the girl went down he said to Billy

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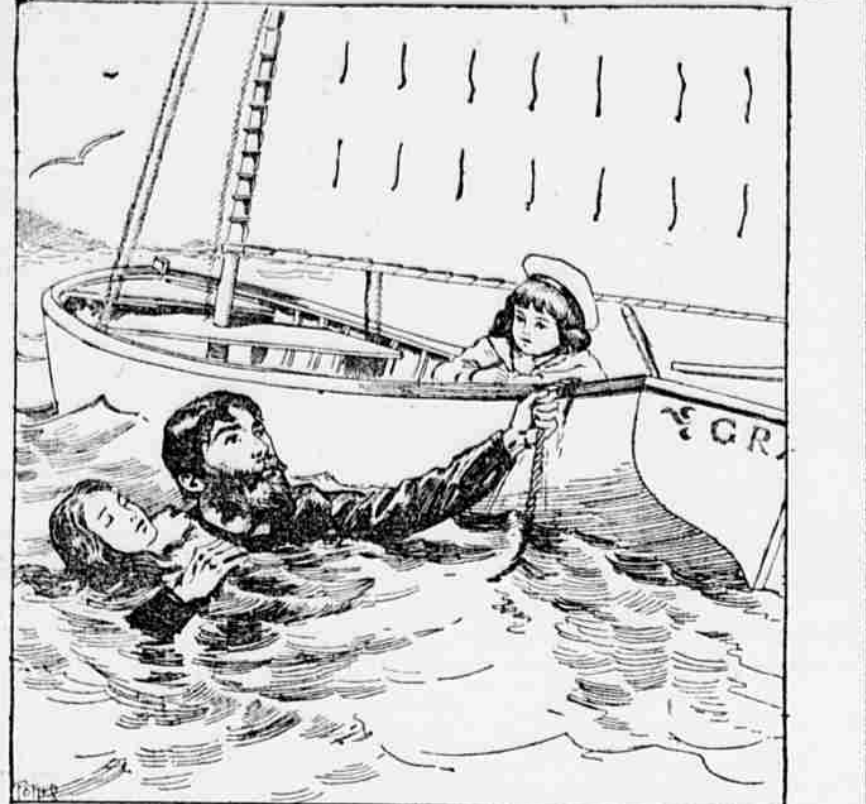
There is only a few weeks left before the outing season will be over—so if you're going you'll have to go soon. You'll want a tent, stove, tables, chairs, camp stools. We've got all these and will rent you a complete outfit very reasonably. We make tents and can fit you out on a few moments' notice.

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THE LITTLE STEERSMAN DROPPED THE TILLER.

Billy Boy would clap his chubby hands and shout, "Ah! It's fun, papa!"

Soon they entered the narrows, a stretch of several miles, where the sound is so narrow that the tide rushes through with great velocity, causing eddies and whirlpools, which, to an unaccustomed eye, seem very terrible.

As the boat plunged into a boiling cauldron of water Billy Boy said, "Papa, what makes the water jump so?"

"It is the tide," Mr. Barnes answered. "Do you like the tide, papa?"

Mr. Barnes was then using all his strength to prevent the boat from being turned round by the eddy and answered rather shortly, "No."

"I do," Billy Boy said. "It makes the boat turn round so."

Just then they ran through a lot of drift-wood and as the boat struck against the small pieces of wood Billy Boy would exclaim, "Do it again, papa, do it again!"

The wind held strong until they passed Point Delancey, where the narrow end, when it began to die down, and Mr. Barnes decided that it was time to have something to eat. So he gave Billy Boy his first lesson in steering the boat.

He was a proud boy as he stood with his flaxen head nearly on a level with the tiller and pushed it away from him, pulled it toward him, or held it steady, as his father directed, while the latter took the provisions out of the locker and made corned beef sandwiches for their lunch.

Then Mr. Barnes took the tiller and Billy Boy relaxed into silence, as his appetite, naturally good, was increased by the fresh salt air.

Soon after lunch the wind began to grow stronger and they started for Tacoma, their course being nearly southeast, the wind blowing from the northeast.

As they drew near to the city Mr. Barnes' mind began to return to his business prospects, which were not very flattering. During the trip he had been thinking of the off his anxiety, but now it all came back and he felt gloomy and depressed. Billy Boy, on the other hand, was in excellent spirits and insisted upon steering the boat again.

He was fast gaining confidence and did just what his father told him, with great gravity and precision. Presently Billy exclaimed, "There's a little sailboat, papa."

Mr. Barnes looked up and saw a man and a little girl in a small catboat some distance ahead and almost directly in their

Boy. "Push the tiller away from you till the sail comes over your head, then let it alone till papa tells you what to do."

Billy Boy obeyed, and as it passed the spot where the little girl went down, Mr. Barnes, seizing the loose end of the rope, jumped in after her.

She had sunk only a few feet when he reached her, and he came to the surface again, out as the boom swung over Billy Boy's head. The little steersman dropped the tiller, and leaning with his elbows on the combing, in the position of one of Raphael's chorists, watched with interest his father pulling himself up to the beat by the rope, which he still held, carrying his unconscious burden under one arm.

As they came near the boat Billy Boy remarked with the utmost gravity, "Did you get wet, papa?" and then seeing the white face of the little girl, he whispered in an awe-struck tone, "Has she gone to Jesus?"

Billy Boy had turned the boat so fortunately that when she came to rest the little girl was in the water, who had seized a piece of driftwood and thus saved himself from drowning, was near enough to catch hold of the side of the Grace. So it happened that as Mr. Barnes pulled himself into the boat with the rescued girl, her father, as he turned out to be, climbed in on the other side.

The two men soon succeeded in restoring the little girl to consciousness and it was a happy party that sailed into Tacoma with the small boat in tow.

When Billy Boy and his father reached home and Billy Boy in great excitement had told his mother all about the adventure, she exclaimed in a tone of severity, "William Barnes, do you mean to say you left that baby in the boat all alone?"

However, when she found that Billy Boy and his father had rescued a wealthy merchant and his daughter, she relented.

Soon better times came to the Barnes household. The grateful father found profitable employment for Mr. Barnes, and Billy Boy had a tricycle and a miniature sailboat, modeled after his father's boat, all because he sailed the Grace so well.

SOME CURIOUS WATCHES.

Wonderful Mechanism of Ancient Timekeepers.

With all our modern improvements we rarely hear nowadays of watches so fantastically complex as used to be made for great folks in the times when all watches were expensive and comparatively novel. King George III., in the year 1769, received a present of a watch that was a kind of mechanical almanac; it pointed out the date and also had a device to show the varying lengths of the days, according to the season. It was not bigger than other watches of the time, but then they were all what we shoguns call turnups now.

Emperors had watches which would wound itself up by means of a weighted lever, which, at every step his majesty took, rotated and having a ratchet, a click to it wound up a ratchet attached to the barrel. Pedometers were afterwards made on the same principle. The duke of Wellington had a watch which was given to him by the King of Spain from which the time could be told by the touch, the hours being marked by studs. In the back of the case was placed an index which, when moved forward, would stop at the portion of the hour indicated by the watch, and then by means of the studs the time could be approximately computed in the dark.

Catherine of Russia had a watch constructed by an ingenious peasant which played a chant, and had within it tiny mechanical figures which, when wound up, were supposed to represent the scene of the resurrection of the Savior; the chant was then heard all over Russia at Easter time. But this watch was bigger than a hen's egg.

HE FOUND A \$10,000 CHECK.

Horace New Returned It To Its Owner and Received a \$5 Reward.

A piece of paper, looking like a bank note, fluttered along Wall street at 10 o'clock Friday morning, with an unknown Italian in pursuit, relates the New York Herald. The Italian was handicapped by a purse, which he was propelling, and before he could reach the scrap of paper, jumped ahead of him and picked it up.

It was a check for \$10,000, drawn by Moore & Schley on the Chase National bank, and made payable to L. W. Minford, who had indorsed it and made it payable to the Thomas Minford estate. The boy stood for a moment, appalled by the amount of the check. The angry voice of the Italian brought him to his senses, and the lad scampered away.

Horace is an office boy, employed by P. J. Minster, an insurance agent. When he

heard the voice of the Italian he ran as if a thousand robbers were after him to the Wall street ferry. How he managed to reach his employer's office he does not know. Every few steps he glanced apprehensively behind him, expecting to see a villain with drawn revolver and a knife between his teeth ready to attack him.

Mr. Minster was not in his office, and Horace rushed breathlessly into the office of John M. Orr, in the same building, and told of his find. When he became calm he said he wanted to return the check to its owner. Mr. Orr looked up Mr. Minford's address in the directory and found his office.

Horace went over there and found Mr. Minford in anything but a pleasant frame of mind. He had sent a clerk to the bank with the check and the clerk had lost it. Mr. Minford had stopped payment on the check, but was greatly relieved to recover it. He gave Horace \$5. The lad was very happy last night, for besides getting the \$5 he had won 25 cents from his elder brother, Richard.

"I'm pretty lucky," said Horace to me. "I have often found small sums of money, but Dick—that my brother—said I wasn't lucky. Once he said to me: 'Ah, you're not lucky. You'll never find a large amount.' I bet him a quarter that I would, and I guess I win. Won't Dick be surprised? Tomorrow's his birthday, and we're not going to say anything about me finding the check, but I'll just show him the piece in the paper. Gosh, won't he be surprised!"

Horace is a bright-faced, intelligent little chap. He has been in Mr. Minster's office for about a month.

PRATTLE OF THE YOUNGSTERS.

Neither of these two citizens weighs less than 180 and both are susceptible to heat, says the Detroit Free Press. In negligence shirts, light coats and pants, low shoes, belts and Panama hats, they were taking the breeze from the deck of a ferry boat.

"That youngest boy of mine is a corker from Corktown," declared one of them with a fine glow of paternal pride. The other day the same man drove into the alley when Henry spied him and—

"Ha! Ha! Ha! That makes me think of Tommy. There's a youngster for you. They say he's a regular chip off the old

block. The cook was on a step ladder yesterday to clean the upper shelves in the buttery when Tommy—

"Ho! Ho! Ho! Well, Henry ran into the house, got his new shooter with which he has knocked many a sparrow out of a tree, creeps along the fence till he comes to a board with a knot hole in it—

"Good! Capital! As I was saying, Tommy got some soft soap in a cup, the little rascal, and began daubing it on the steps of the ladder."

"That's great! One of the best I ever heard. Henry spread his legs, braced himself, let 'er fly and that ash man let out—"

"Don't. I'll die laughing! The girl commenced to come down and of course—"

"Certainly. The ash man—"

"Her feet flew into the air—"

"I guess you don't care to hear about a boy that's really smart."

"It's very evident that you don't. I was giving you one of the best stories—"

"That's the way they all talk! It there's one thing that borrows more than another it is to hear a man eternally blowing about his children."

"There are others. You're asked of the magnate of the office, standing before him, cap in hand."

"Nobody wants a boy," replied the magnate, eyeing him sharply.

"Do you need a boy?" asked the applicant, nuzzling abashedly.

"Nobody needs a boy," came the discouraging reply.

The boy stuck his cap on the back of his head.

"Well, say, mister," he inquired, "do you have to have a boy?"

The magnate collapsed.

"I'm sorry to say," he said, "and I guess you're about what we want."

man who was lynched committed. The gentleman said he saw them whipping the negro with a "cowhide." Nanie told the story to his friends on his return home, but when he came to the article with which the flagellation was bestowed he said, "and the man said he saw them take the negro, strip him and whip him with a cow—a cow—what do you call it? Oh, yes, a cow-trash."

THE OLD-TIMER.

Lars Kike, who died last night in Norway, was the last Norwegian veteran in the war of 1814 between Norway and Sweden.

Arthur G. Burley, who died a few years ago, was said to be the oldest business man at Chicago. He has been a resident of the city sixty years.

Rev. Dr. Henry M. Field, 76 years of age, is still doing active duty as editor of the New York Evangelist, being able to work a dozen hours a day. Dr. Field is of the same family as Judge Field of the United States supreme court.

At Ridgeville, Ind., last week John and Richard McGuff, the oldest twins in the United States—probably in the world—celebrated their 85th birthday. They are the sons of John and Nellie McGuff and were born in what is now Darke county, Ohio, August 31, 1814.

General von Waldersee's mother-in-law celebrated the ninety-fifth anniversary of her birth last week, and is in robust health.

On the same day Dr. Wilhelm Schrader, who served twenty-seven years as provincial school commissioner in Konigsberg, entered the 90th year of his life.

The oldest retired officer of the United States navy is said to be Captain Francis Martin of the revenue marine service, who now lives in Detroit. He was born in that city in 1809. The captain saw the funeral

of Napoleon I at St. Helena, where his vessel, the Villant, went at the time for water.

Ex-Governor George W. Glick of Kansas Martin Moran died at Scranton, Pa., August 31, at the age of 117. He landed in Philadelphia from Ireland sixty-five years ago and walked with two companions to Carbondale, where he lived for several years before going to that locality. He was a saloon keeper the greater part of his life and was the heaviest smoker at the "Notch," the local name of the suburb in which he lived.

William Long of Punksawney, Pa., 81 years of age, has a luxuriant growth of fine hair, like the hair of a 3-year-old child. Two years ago he was as bald as a brass doorknob. He began washing it regularly and rubbing his scalp with a rough towel. A growth of fuzzy hair began to appear. Now it is four or five inches long and exactly resembles the hair of a child—fine, brown and glossy, with not a suggestion of gray.

A notable celebration occurred at the little town of Mount Morris, Ogle county, Ill., August 24, when some two score of the relatives and a number of friends of fifty years' standing, among them the oldest settlers of Carroll, Ogle and Stephenson counties, gathered at the home of Peter Funk to congratulate Mrs. Catherine Kice, familiarly known as "Aunt Kitten," far and wide throughout that section of the state, upon her reaching her 100th birthday.

Andrew Brock of Bloomington, one of the early settlers in central Illinois, has a remarkable story of residence to tell. He has lived in four counties without moving his house. The territory where he is now living was originally Sangamon county; the north end of that district was cut off, and organized into Tazewell county; later the west end of Tazewell was incorporated into McLean county and the final change came when the southern part of McLean became a part of De Witt county. Each change included Mr. Brock's residence.

Miss W. K. Crittenden of Brookville, Kan., has written a letter to State Superintendent Stryker stating that she is 74 years of age and has been a teacher for eight years, having held certificates for various grades during that time. "I now desire to secure a state diploma," Miss Crittenden says, "and I write you this letter with the hope that you will instruct me how to proceed to take up reviews and study for that purpose." She also announces a desire to attend the state normal

for a year to review some branches and to take up the study of methods.

Kaw-Ke-Nah-Pa-See Jackson, a full-blooded Shawnee Indian squaw, living a few miles west of Seneca, Mo., died at the home of Nancy Deshane, her daughter, on the 21st ult. At the time of her death she was 125 years old. She was born in Ohio. On their way to the Indian territory with her father's family about sixty-seven years ago they camped a few weeks at Shawneetown, Ill. (named after her), where they made bark canoes, crossed the Ohio river and then rode horseback to the Shawnee nation. She was buried in the old Indian style.

TOMMY'S IDEA.

Will T. Hale in the Times-Herald.

Tom had just come from a visit to a little cousin, where

He had seen the city's wonders that his eyes met everywhere.

And he stood upon the gallery looking over the vale and hill.

Which, compared with the big city, seemed so lonely now and still.

It was cloudy, and the cattle lingered 'round the clump of trees.

Like the drone of some great organ came the mellow hum of bees.

Morning glories till kept open, though the hour was almost noon.

And the rain-birds on the hilltop prophesied a shower soon.

Slowly filed the geese—now silent—through the pasture to the pond.

Then the rain fell pattering, pattering, dimpling all the dust around.

"From the way the water's spilling, I would guess—then Tommy said—"

"The steepest-spoutler up in heaven is a workin' right ahead!"

The True Remedy.
W. M. Repine, editor Tuskawilla, Ill., Chief says: "We won't keep house without Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds. Experimented with many others, but never got the true remedy until we used Dr. King's New Discovery. No other remedy can take its place in our home, as in it we have a certain and sure cure for Coughs, Colds, Whooping Cough, etc." It is idle to experiment with other remedies, even if they are urged on you as just as good as Dr. King's New Discovery. They are not as good, because this remedy has a record of cures and besides is guaranteed. It never fails to satisfy. Trial bottles free at Kuhn & Co.'s drug store.



WITH HIS FLAXEN HEAD NEARLY ON A LEVEL WITH THE TILLER.

course. The wind had freshened somewhat and it required all Billy Boy's strength to keep the Grace on her course.

The man in the other boat did not seem to understand sailing very well, and presently she jibed, and the little girl was brushed off into the water by the boom.

The man scolded about for a moment, evidently hesitating whether to jump in after her or try to rescue her from the boat.

Then he threw the boat up into the wind, going past the little girl, but not near enough to reach her. He then gave up the idea of getting the boat around again, and jumped into the water, evidently a poor swimmer.

The Grace was very near, the little girl lying nearly in her course, but a little on the port side. The man, further to port and some distance ahead, was struggling in the water, evidently a poor swimmer.

The plan of action was plain—to keep the Grace on her present course until she nearly reached the little girl, then run her up into